

# The Collapse

Flesh Field

Mutating.  
Changing.  
Fading into nothing.  
Hide me.  
Help me.  
Save me from uncertainty.

I try just a little bit.  
I fail just a little bit more.

Holding onto something never meant for me.  
I'm drowning, losing all integrity.

I want to hold onto you until I feel you breaking.

Stay out of my way.